

F O R R E S T J A C K E R M A N ' S

MONSTERAMA

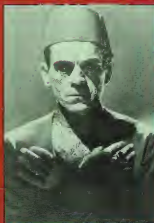
No. 1 \$3.50 (\$4.25 in Canada)

S E E
KARLOFF!

S E E
LUGOSI!

S E E
CHANEY!

S E E
THE WOLEMAN!



SEE FRANKENSTEIN 3-D! JOIN ALICE IN MONSTERLAND! CHILL TO PUBLIC VAMPIRE #1! THRILL TO THE BEDLAM OF BAD MONSTERS! YESTERYEAR'S FEARS LIVE AGAIN FROM THE MAGIC PEN OF FORREST J'ACKERMAN AS HE RETURNS TO THE WORLD HE CREATED: FILM MONSTERDOM!

a COLLECTOR'S CLASSIC!!

ION CHANEY SHOULD NOT DIE!



The Man of a Thousand Hands. Center, Leonides (Lon) Chaney Sr. in *THE MONSTER*. How many of the hands can you identify? Helpful hint: One's from *THE UNHOLY 3*, another's *BITS OF LIFE*. Can you place the picture where he's holding a cup and saucer? Where he has a book in his hand? A bottle? Is wearing a policeman's badge? Giving a thumbs-up sign? Someone—certainly not your still-collecting Editor—destroyed about a thousand dollars' worth of originals by cutting them up to make this montage. So enjoy a very expensive picture!

"I BID YOU WELCOME!"

—Dr. Ackula

FOUR SCARES and seven fears ago (actually February 1958) I brought forth upon this konigntent a new magascram, dead-icated to the proposition that "all monsters are cremated equal."

It was the world's first imagi-movie periodical devoted to Karloff and Lugosi and the Chaney's; to Erik the Phantom and Quasimodo the Hunchback and Kong the King; and, by publisher's fiat, it was aimed at an audience of 11½-year-old boys who wanted to laugh.

But do you know what? "Forry's Folly," as it was belittled by a sci-fi author of the time whose son, ironically, grew up to be one of the magazine's most ardent fans: "Forry's Folly" captured not only the imaginations of 11½-year-old boys but of children of both sexes down to ages too young to read (but fascinated by the pictures) up to, as we learned at the time of our 100th issue, *ninety-three!*

I was paid \$400 to edit that first issue. Actually edit is not the right word: I singlehandedly wrote every word in it. Second correction: I didn't do it singlehandedly, I used both hands at a bot typewriter 20 hours a day, including my 41st brvrrthday (24 November 1957). That 35" "collector's edition," true to tradition, increased in value over the years so that today a mint copy can command a \$500 price tag—and twice to my knowledge has sold for \$1,000... and once to mint FM fan #1 Mike Yerkes for \$1,200! The second issue now sells for about \$150. The volume you hold in your claws hands represents the best material from the first two issues, so you can understand what a hargain you are getting for \$3.50. Salt several copies of this away today and, who knows, in 2020 (allowing for inflation) it may be worth \$10,000.

The October 1926 issue of *Amazing Stories* started me on my career in the science fiction field. It sold for 25¢. When I had the opportunity about 25 years later to commission it redrawn for me by its original artist, the Austrian Frank Rudolph Paul, I had him date it 2026 and I thought I was being very prophetic by having the cover price increased to \$2.50. I imagine the decimal point will have moved over a notch to at least \$25 by 2026.

Starting in the late '50s I brought Halloween to the kids of the country sometimes as frequently as monthly. Kids who grew up to be Stephen King (who submitted his first story to me when he was 14), George Lucas, John Landis, John Carpenter, Joe Dante Jr., Tohe Hooper, Jim Danforth, Rick Baker, the Skotak brothers, John Carl Buechler, Dennis Muren, Robert Short, Bill Malone and Don Post Jr. And Steven Spielberg, who said "Thanks for raising our generation of fantasy-lovers right."

If you're young and unfamiliar with the imagi-movie magazine I pioneered, this and succeeding numbers of this cinemanthology of imagi-movies will be an educational experience for you as you become entertainingly acquainted with actors and directors and make-up artists and animators like Lon Chaney Sr., James Whale, Boris Karloff, Jack Pierce, Dwight Frye, Johnny Eck, Tod Browning, Glenn Strange, Claude Rains, Ernest Thesiger, Raymond Massey, Fredric March, Elsa Lanchester, Tor Johnson, Paul Wegener, Peter Lorre, John Carradine, Fritz Lang, George Zucco, Ray Harryhausen, Willis O'Brien, Marcel Delgado, Lionel Atwill, Rondo Hatton, Brigitte Helm, George Pal, Conrad Veidt and Bela Lugosi. In these pages Quasimodo will live again, and Dracula, and Frankenstein, and the Man Who Laughs, and the Golem, and Rotwang (that's pronounced Rote-vahng, the mad scientist of METROPOLIS) and Nosferatu and White Zombie and Dr. Cyclops and King Kong (the 1933

original) and Mr. Sardonicus and the Invisible Man and... a veritable cornucopia of creature features, a wonderdrama of cinemavels and worlds of weirdom.

If you're a heasts'n'-things huff beyond 30, you know what to expect: a nostalgic return to yesteryear when fear was more than blood & guts, it was a shadow show on a silver screen that challenged your imagination, excited you with indelible images.

I'm 74 now, but I'm still young at heart—that 5½-year-old boy in 1922 wide-eyed with wonder at Eck, the octoplasmic kid who cavorted about in *One Glorious Day*, the pre-teen who held his breath as he beheld 49 "living" dinosaurs in *The Lost World*, who thrilled to the adventures of *The Thief of Baghdad* in the forest of treemen, the sea of flames, fighting the super spider on the ocean's floor, besting the fire-breathing dragon, riding the winged horse to the moon, donning the cloak of invisibility, testing the wish-fulfilling powder, flying on the magic carpet...


Come, grow young along with me: the ink on these pages is mixed with *aque mirakla* from Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Youth!

FORREST
Ackula

WENDAYNE ACKERMAN 1912-1990

This issue is dedicated to the memory of my dear wife, life companion for 41 years, who touched the field of imagi-movies with her classic feature, "Backed to the Rue Morgue." She died knowing *Monsters* was in the works; I'm sorry she never lived to see this premium number. She was present when I was creating the world's first filmmaker magazine—*Pinocchio Monsters of Filmland*—and she was with me in Berlin when I saw my favorite sci-fi film METROPOLIS for the 70th time. Say hello to Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi and Lon Chaney Sr. and Colin Clancy and George Pal and Fritz Lang and Phyllis Kirk for me, Wendy, and if your celestial telescope can zero in on this issue, I hope you enjoy your husband's efforts.





Im-ho-tep the Mummy, 3700 years dead
in the sands of ancient Egypt, revived
thru the wizardry of artist Al Shamie,
who each issue will be bringing us
further impressions of the Holy 3—
Boris, Bela & Lon.

KING BORIS THE BENIGN

**FORREST J
ACKERMAN**

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Hall of Fame
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and Stillustrator

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MONSTERAMA

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63 EXPRESS YOURSELF Readers' Reactions to the First Issue of FMOF, My Brainchild when I was 42. Now that I'm 74, let me know your reaction to MONSTERAMA. If possible, please include a Photo of Yourself.

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MONSTERS ARE GOOD FOR YOU

medicine
men
prefer
monster
men

"Doctor, I feel run down."

The Doctor looked at his patient and could easily understand why. The blood dripping on the floor, the tire marks across his face, were symptoms that told the doctor that the man had just been hit by a two ton truck.

"Pull yourself together, go out and see a good horror movie," the doctor prescribed. "It will make a new man of you."

Fantastic? Improbable? Who can say. The day may not be so far distant when vitamins will be replaced by vitamin-monsters, anti-histamines by haunty-histamines, and the common aspirin tablet by a chill-pill called GASpirin.

Un-tranquilizers! Chilltowns instead of Miltowns.

That emotional health and mental stability may be improved by subjecting oneself to safe shocks is the conclusion shared by a number of psychiatrists and anthropologists. Makers of monster movies need to make no apology for the quivers they send coursing up and down spines. There may be more therapy in a theramin-filled fright-film than meets the eye—or the ear.

Long before horror movies the monsters were among us. In ancient Greek dramas it would be difficult not to note at once that ghosts and ghastly events were part and parcel of many a play.



Among the Mutants there is a proverb, "Two heads are better than none" but apparently the Producers thought this Mutie's Face was So Horrible the audience couldn't even stand to see it. Either that or the hair hides the fact they couldn't afford makeup.



GIANT SPIDER STRIKES!
..CRAWLING TERROR 100 FEET HIGH!

Universal-International
presents

TARANTULA!

STARRING

JOHN AGAR
MARA CORDAY
LEO G. CARROLL

DIRECTED BY JACOB ARNOLD • SCREENPLAY BY ROBERT M. FRESCO AND MARTIN BERHELEY • PRODUCED BY WILLIAM ALLAND

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UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL

20th Century Fox

Universal's arachnophobia of 1955, **TARANTULA!**

a vampire a day keeps the doctor away

The great philosopher Aristotle defined the basic function of drama as "filling an audience with terror so as to cleanse its emotions."

Shakespeare frequently applied Aristotle's purging formula: one has but to think of his apparitions, witches, enraged elements of nature, etc., as examples.

Who can say but what the Bard of Avalon might not have been writing Frankenstein movies, were he alive today (Shades of Shockspeare!).

In Bali an annual 3-day festival traditionally includes as its main attraction a play incorporating the most terrifying monsters and demons contained in the Balinese mythology. So great does the excitement become that many of the participants in the festival pass out or enter a trance-like state. When they come to, they report that they feel at ease and fully refreshed. Significant fact: on the island of Bali there are no nervous breakdowns or ulcers.

Interest in horror flourished in the Romantic era. "Faust" was the most popular shock show in the early 1800's, with the devil up to his usual deviltry.

And so we move through Edgar Allan Poe and other masters of the macabre story to living storytellers who now employ the wide-screen of the movie theater to tell their tales of terror.

"Audiences see *themselves* reflected in film monsters," reveals Dr. Ernest Dichter, writing in a recent issue of a TV trade magazine. Dr. Dichter, who is president of the Institute for Motivational Research, goes on to ask, "When one considers the number of monsters stalking our TV screens today, and the number of children and adults who watch with fascination their activities, one is compelled to wonder, what is the appeal of these horrors?"

The Ph.D. answers his own question by explaining the attraction of the repulsive as interest in forces out of control. "The origins of power and the evils that result from its misuse," he continues, are recurrent themes in horror movies, which concern themselves with the problems of the power of knowledge, creation, resurrection, power for its own sake—the uses and abuses of power."

Dr. Grace Schluwe recently stated to a large television audience, "Everyone harbors a host of terrifying images in his subconscious mind, images that take part in his mental drama of anxiety. The



The Golem, the Man of Clay brought to life, as legend would have it, by Rabbi Loew in the Ghetto of Prague in the Middle Ages. This Golem from the 1935 Metropolis Pictures production (France) starring Harry Baur. —FJA '90

easiest and most appealing method of getting rid of your personal phantoms is to witness a spine-tingling drama."

In other words the public re-enactment of private nightmares exercises a kind of video-therapy on its audiences!

"How like myself that monster really is," is what the average individual is thinking, reveals Dr. Dichter. Adding: "There, but for the grace of God, go I."

Horror films frequently leave one with the feeling of relief that things could be worse than they are in actual life. A tough teacher, a bullying boss, an impossible spouse may become bearable by comparison with the monster in the movie.

They used to say, "An apple a day keeps the doctors away."

A monster a day could turn your hair gray, but one a week might put rosebuds in your cheek. ●



"Mirror, Mirror, on the Wall, Who's the Most Hideous of them All?" asks Boris Karloff of his reflection in ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE.

ALICE IN MONSTER LAND

**Karloff calls it "folklore,"
Hollywood calls it "big boxoffice"
either way, the horror films boast
a glorious history of entertainment**

STEP with us through the mirror into the waiting world of things wonderfully weird. Into the celluloid land of dark developments, where shadows like smoke-forms in a realm of dreams take on uneasy shapes.

Follow the blood-red sign that reads: **THIS WAY TO THE MONSTERS.** And if you lose your way, ask the nearest scarecrow for directions.

Your destination is Horror House, right next door to Mystery Mansion, located at the busy intersection of Scream Street and Beastman Blvd. The fiendly cop on the corner? Yes, that's Frankenstein.

Boys and girls, moms and pops, granddads and grandmas, let's face it: a little horror now and then is relished by the best of men.

Or, put another way: everybody loves a monster. Well, perhaps not everybody; maybe not the hapless heroine who's being pursued, or the hero who's liable to get hurt in a struggle, or the anonymous little man who has to clean up the mess in the laboratory or the castle or the city after the demon has done his dirty work; but nearly everybody.

Especially watchers. People (like you) not directly involved. Folks who can sit back in the safety

of their wide-screen movie house, parked car at the drive-in theater, or comfort of their own living room in front of TV, and watch other folks be frightened by the creatures that come from out of the past, from out of folklore, and from out of the future, from outer space.

This, then, is a kind of history of horror films. So fasten your safety belts, tauten your nerves, steel yourself (like Robby the Robot) and—

Here we go into the wild *grue* yonder!

Lon Chaney had a million of 'em!

the man of a thousand faces



Beauty and the Best. My Favorite Scientifilm of All Time, *METROPOLIS*, Fritz Lang's Masterpiece, which I've seen 78 times as of 1990. *METROPOLIS* II is to be filmed by UFA, the Universe (not Universal, as has previously been thought) Film Association of Germany, which made it in the first place and released it in 1927 (not '26, as frequently erroneously reported). An unconfirmable rumor has it that Brigitte Helm, pictured, passed away earlier this year, which would not be surprising as she would be about 84 and all other members of the cast (except some of the Children of *Metropolis*) have gone to join Director Fritz Lang. Brigitte's performance, for a teenager, was...over(w)helming. —FJA

Lon Chaney, in the words of Jimmy Durante, had "a million of 'em!" Endless different characterizations. From 1913 to 1930 he appeared in the fantastic total of approximately 150 films! In these his appearance varied so widely that no one ever knew what he was going to look like next, and the popular saying of the time became, "Look out! Don't step on it—it may be Lon Chaney!"

WHILE PARIS SLEEPS presented him as a mad scientist.

LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT cast him in the role a human vampire with a fuzzy shock of white hair, a pair of bulging eyes, and a mouthful of razor-sharp teeth. Black cape and top hat completed the effect.

THE MIRACLE MAN made Chaney famous overnight in his contorted role as Frog, the fake cripple, whose paralyzed limbs were "miraculously" cured in the climax of the picture.

THE PENALTY presented Chaney without any legs at all, this effect being painfully created by his padding his knees with leather and walking on them. For this purpose he had a harness specially constructed to constrict his legs, which were bent up behind him.

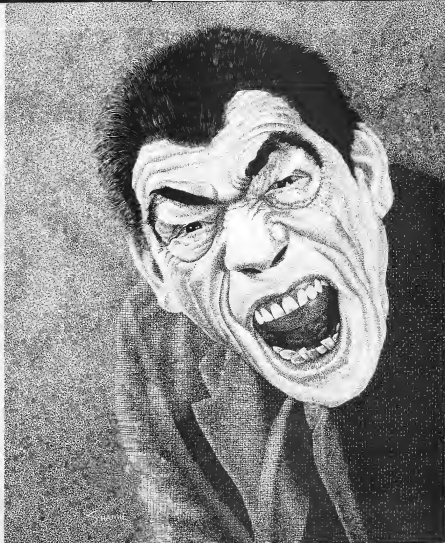
THE ROAD TO MANDALAY cast Chaney as a semi-blind man. He achieved this effect by covering one eyeball with a coating of white collodion to give the impression of a cataract.

TREASURE ISLAND saw him blind again, this time as the pirate in Robert Louis Stevenson's classic.

A BLIND BARGAIN gave two Chaney's for the price of one: mad scientist and ape man.



"The Face of Naked Horror"—Robert Bloch's legendary description of Erik, the Phantom of the Opera. Long before Claude Rains or Herbert Lom or Michael Crawford or any other portrayer of Gaston Leroux's ghastly terror there was the One & Only Lonely Monster—LON CHANEY, Universal 1925.



LON CHANEY as the ape-man of *A BLIND BARGAIN* (1922) was pictured in the First Issue of FMOF in February 1958 with a still similar to (but not as striking as) this portrait. At the time we had to admit we didn't know the name of the film from which the simianoid character was drawn but as the magazine evolved we learned before long that it had two names and the other title was *THE OCTAVE OF CLAUDIUS*. Characterization above from the talented talons of Al Shamie.

THE MONSTER saw him once again cast as a mad scientist.

THE UNHOLY THREE demonstrated his versatility, for within the same picture he played the

dual role of a side-show ventriloquist and an old woman.

MR. WU, OUTSIDE THE LAW, and *BITS OF LIFE* were all Oriental roles.

GODZILLA (1956)—Not exactly your average house pet. For one thing, he's obviously not been well, er, trained.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, one of his two top characterizations, was one of the most elaborate and painful. Chaney literally threw himself into the soul of Quasimodo, the demented bell-ringer of the Parisian church. The rubber hump attached to his back weighed him down with 70 pounds. In front he wore a breastplate similar to the pads (including shoulder) of football players. A light leather harness joined breastplate and "back-plate" in such a fashion that Chaney could not have stood erect even had he tried. Over all this he wore a rubber suit, tinted the color of human flesh and with animal hair affixed. Modeller's putty was worked onto his face, misshaping it, and a set of false teeth over his own gave him a wicked fanged appearance. A matted wig of filthy hair completed his guise, which he donned daily for the better part of 12 weeks.

chaney was champ!

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA was, of course, Chaney's crowning achievement. Many people walk the world today who were frightened out of a year's growth by the paralyzing sight of the Phantom's face. As the author, Gaston Leroux, described the character, the Phantom was a masterful but mad musician "whose face was so hideous that he was forced to haunt the innermost depths of the Paris Opera." To achieve this pinnacle of horror, Chaney spared himself no torture. Witches on the rack in Inquisition times may have confessed to consorting with the devil with the application of less pain than Chaney deliberately subjected himself to for his art.

As the Phantom, Chaney inserted a device into his nose that caused his nostrils to flare. By pushing up the end of his nose he created a startling effect. The corners of his mouth were drawn back by small prongs that must have hurt like fish-hooks. Celluloid discs in his mouth distorted his cheekbones. The height of his head was built up with a scraggle of hair. Deep dark circles were blackened under his wild staring eyes. To a whole generation of horror lovers, Lon Chaney as the Phantom of the Opera was the most horrifying thing imaginable.

When talking motion pictures were born, Chaney remade his hit, **THE UNHOLY THREE**, this time adding vocal tricks to his impersonation of the elderly lady.

Then, in 1930, Lon Chaney, age 44, died, and an era of wonderful horror died with him. The One Man Monster Show was gone, but his memory was enshrined by his millions of fans, and lives on to this day.



THE GHOUL



"Don't choke too hard," Ernest Thesiger gasps to Karloff in this British film of 1933. "You might want me to play opposite you a couple years from now as Dr. Pretorius in *THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*."

boris karloff— truck driver to terror king

Lon Chaney was dead—long live the King! But who could ascend to the crown? From the unknown masses came a man whose name today has become one to conjure with: Boris Karloff.

Ex-truck driver Karloff portrayed the monster made by man and betrayed by circumstance, and skyrocketed to stellar roles of the type that made Chaney famous.

In **THE OLD DARK HOUSE** Karloff played a heavily bearded brute with a broken nose, a mute monster so different from the Frankenstein monster that the picture's producers felt it expedient to preface the picture with a printed prologue assuring audiences that the Karloffs of both films were one and the same.

THE MUMMY was a Karloffian masterpiece wherein Boris the hideous portrayed Im-ho-tep, an Egyptian priest mummified 3,000 years ago.

The scene in which Karloff gradually returns to life was perhaps the most chilling he ever created, it bearing the relationship to his horror peak as the unmasking of Chaney the Phantom.



In 1959 Lon Chaney Jr. ventured South of the Border to become the **FACE OF THE SCREAMING WEREWOLF**.

"I was an eleven-and-a-half-year-old boy when I started reading FMOF and now they call me **THE MAN WHO LAUGHS!**" —Conrad Veidt





"I've got my eye on you," says Ralph Morgan as **THE MONSTER MAKER**, 1944.

A fantastic flow of Karloff films followed. **THE BLACK CAT**, **THE RAVEN**, **THE NIGHT KEY**, **THE ISLE OF THE DEAD**, **THE BODY SNATCHERS**, **THE TOWER OF LONDON**, **THE INVISIBLE RAY**, **THE WALKING DEAD**, **THE DEVIL COMMANDS**, **THE GHOUL**, **THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG**, **THE MAN WHO LIVED AGAIN**, and countless others.

On at least two occasions Karloff came back from the dead, once crawling out of the grave itself as a ghoul and another time revived after electrocution. As the ghoul his face was pretty far gone from disintegrating underground; as the walking dead man he had a white shock through his hair from the electrodes, and a lethal look in his eyes.

Karloff's very touch was death in **THE INVISIBLE RAY**. At the end of the film he began to smoke from internal combustion, and finally caught fire from within and was burned alive.

In **THE DEVIL COMMANDS** he sought communication with the dead, and succeeded in establishing a two-way radio beyond the veil of life.

Karloff very convincingly portrayed an insidious Oriental arch-criminal in **THE MASK OF FU MANCHU**.

Boris "did a Brynner" and butchered his head down to the bone for his role as the chop-chop artist (ax-man) in **THE TOWER OF LONDON**.

Karloff's most recent role in a horror film was **VOODOO ISLAND**. Production of his **STRANGLEHOLD** has just been



George Zucco appears none too happy contemplating the future with an ape as a partner. The ape doesn't look too happy either. Maybe that's because he has the brain of a man executed for murder—the "Mangle Murderer." Paramount 1941.

It's a wonder someone hasn't passed this off as an alien from a flying saucer. Spaceman from Meximagi-movie **MONSTER FROM THE SPACESHIP**.

completed, and it is expected that he will star in a series of telefilmed adventures of Frankenstein.

Almost paralleling the career of Karloff, until his death in 1956, was Bela Lugosi. In fact Lugosi often co-starred with Karloff. Lugosi was the more legitimate actor of the two, having played in silent films, Shakespearean plays, and hundreds of performances on the stage of **DRACULA** before winging to international fame like a bat out of—well; the movie version of **DRACULA** turned Lugosi into a much sought-after horror star overnight.

bela lugosi

**complete with black cape
and evil eye, lugosi
became public vampire #1**

Through his long and vampiric career Lugosi became identified in the public mind as the man in the black cape who slept in the earth of his native Transylvania by day and roamed the land at night (sometimes in the form of a bat) preying on the jugular veins of victims.

But Lugosi created many other horror roles during his quarter century career as a bogeyman. He was the diabolic Dr. Mirakle in **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**, the wolf-man in **ISLAND OF LOST SOULS**, the mad scientist Roxor intent on world conquest via his death-ray machine in **CHANDU THE MAGICIAN**.

Azteca Films' **THE REVIVED MONSTER** with Carlos Navarro and Miroslava. Pray this face stays south of the border!





This usually clean-shaven American youth is suffering from 5 o'clock shadow. Also, that is not exactly the latest butch he is wearing. "So I just read a hair-raising story!" snarls the leading man of **I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF**.

Meximonsler met by CHABELO & PEPITO VS. THE MONSTERS.

Lugosi, the Hungarian horror-king, lives on today via tele-revivals and "Friday the 13th" theatrical showings (mostly midnight) of such lifetime work as *THE CORPSE VANISHES*, *DEVIL BAT*, *THE HUMAN MONSTER*, *NIGHT MONSTER*, *PHANTOM SHIP*, *VOODOO MAN*, *SCARED TO DEATH* and dozens of others. Second to *DRACULA* his best-remembered role was the *WHITE ZOMBIE* master.

from silence to "screamarama"

The terror tales of the 20's did not, of course, have the advantage of such sounds as thunderstorms, creaking doors, moans, groans, yowling cats, howling dogs, clumping footsteps, etc. to induce fright, but they did all right in *THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI* with the silent slinky comings and goings of the sleep-walker; in the creepy-hand classic, *THE CAT AND THE CANARY*; in *DANTE'S INFERNO* with its horrors of Hell, complete with brimstone and the Devil with his horns, hooves and tail; *FAUST*, with more Devilish goings-on; even *TARZAN OF THE APES* (1918), *THE ROMANCE OF TARZAN* (1918), *THE RETURN OF TARZAN* (1920), *THE SON OF TARZAN* (1922), *TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION* (1927), *TARZAN THE MIGHTY* (1929) and *TARZAN AND THE TIGER* (1930) had their share of terrifying happenings.

The silent *SIEGFRIED* was loaded with first-class frighteners, from the enormous fire-breathing dragon through the gnarled, knobby-kneed squat little gnome-king with his cloak of invisibility (and on him the cloak looked good).

VAMPIR and *NOSFERATU*, two European horror films, were considered two of the eeriest ever made.

SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN, a mystery had its share of sliding panels, ambling ape, Oriental menace, etc.

Then the movies found their voices.

from "mammy" to "mummy"

Jolson sang, and soon *THE BAT WHISPERS*, *THE CAT CREEPS*, *THE GHOST GOEST WEST* and *THE MUMMY* mutters.



(Middle) **FREDRIC (DR. JEKYLL)** (Bottom) **AND MARCH (MR. HYDE)**



Meet Hairy. Occupation: grave digger. He digs people the most. (Of corpse!) From the Mexican monster-drama **THE BODY SNATCHERS**.

"we monsters have just begun to fright!"

In addition to Karloff and Lugosi, in the era of sound the names of Peter Lorre (*MAD LOVE*), Claude Rains (*THE INVISIBLE MAN*), John Carradine (*THE UNEARTHLY*), Tor Johnson (*BRIDE OF THE MONSTER*), Basil Rathbone (*THE BLACK SLEEP*), Lon Chaney, Jr. (*MAN-MADE MONSTER*) and Richard Carlson (*THE MAZE*) take on meaning and importance in the arena of the unusual.

Sound enhances the scariness, and we get hum-dingers like: *I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE*.

THE MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM with champion screamer Fay Wray, later re-made in 3-D as *HOUSE OF WAX*.

DR. X, about an "impossible" killer. He strangled people with only one hand—by dipping the stump of his arm into a vat of synthetic flesh and fashioning a functioning hand nightly with which to do in his victims!

THE CAT PEOPLE, with the best use of sound ever for frightening effects.

The breath-taking chase classic of the hounds of Zaroff and the mad hunter of human beings: *THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME*.

The uniquely weird *PORTRAIT OF DORIAN GRAY* with its inspired musical score.

THE GOLEM, Kong-like creature of living clay. *MARK OF THE VAMPIRE*, the talking version of *LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT*.

THE UNINVITED with its malignant ghost. *I ACCUSE!* with the Men with the Broken Faces rising from the graveyards of World War I to march on the aghast world in a sequence which writer Ray Bradbury called "one of the screen's supreme achievements of sustained terror, ten of the most frightening minutes I ever spent in a movie theater."

And the end is not yet, nor even in sight. Interviewed for *FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILM-LAND*, a Famous Monster declared: "We monsters have just begun to fright!" ●

Top, the real Dwight Frye as Fritz in *FRANKENSTEIN*. Bottom, an actor originally misidentified as Frye in *FMOF* #1. Today, courtesy of David Skal, we know that he was Bernard Jukes, an actor who played Renfield on the stage in *DRACULA*. (Foto from Lee Harris Collection.) —FJA '90





Boris Karloff's most famous role: FRANKENSTEIN.

the



Frankenscience monster

**the colorful biography
of father, son, bride,
ghost, and all the gang**

Life begins at 1751

This year the Frankenstein monster celebrates his 175th birthday. What is the secret of his success? How has he managed to survive all these years—twice the life time of a long-lived man—particularly considering all the abuse that horrified humanity has heaped upon him?

Pity the plight of this poor monster, brought to life without his foreknowledge or consent, only to be hounded to death again and again by angry individuals and mobs resenting him as “a crime against Nature.”

The Frankenstein monster has been alternately burned to death, frozen, boiled alive and—minor

inconveniences along the way—clubbed, drugged, electrocuted. Once he was presumably blown to bits and pieces altogether, but, no Humpty Dumpty he, it was not impossible for him to be put back together again.

In his ability to live on and resist injury, even indestructible Superman is almost forced to bow before the superior staying power of Frankenstein, who might well be entitled to be called Supermonster.

Note: For the remainder of this article, the monster himself will be referred to as Frankenstein. This is a deliberate choice, not done through error, ignorance or misunderstanding. The author is well



Frankenstein Monster gets all fired up over appearing in 3-D (Dreadful, Devilish, Deadily).



aware that Frankenstein was the name of the creator of the creature, but the world is less interested in Baron Victor Frankenstein than the history and subsequent adventures of his brain-child. It has been the writer's observation that, over the past half century, the name Frankenstein has become identified in the mind of the average person with the monster rather than his maker, and it is this reference that will be observed in the following pages.

So: FRANKENSTEIN. Where did he come from in the first place? Certainly his famed portrayer, Boris Karloff, hasn't been around 175 years, nor are motion pictures anywhere near that old. No, Frankenstein didn't begin in the movies, he was born a long time before that.

Who was his author, then? A man like Poe? A scientist fictionizing an experiment too bold for him to actually perform? An aged author? Let the

Frankenstein makes like Quasimodo in this scene from a Pete Smith novelty short called **THIRD DIMENSIONAL MURDER**, wherein Ed Payson played the monster.

author's own words speak, and perhaps some clue will be contained in them as to the age and identity of said author:

I have tried, in Frankenstein, to preserve the truth of the basic principles of human nature, while I have not hesitated to experiment with them. The event on which my story hinges was suggested in casual conversation. It was begun partly as a source of amusement and partly as a way of exercising the imagination. The opinions which naturally spring from the character and situation of the hero are by no means to be considered as my own.

The story itself was begun in the majestic region where the scene is principally laid. I spent the summer of 1816 in and about Geneva, Switzerland. The season was cold and rainy, and in the evenings my companions and I crowded around a blazing wood fire and occasionally amused ourselves with some German stories of ghosts which happened to be handy.

These tales excited in us a playful desire to imitate. Two other friends and myself agreed each to write a story founded on some supernatural occurrence. However, the weather suddenly became calm once again and my friends left me for a journey among the Alps. In the magnificent mountains all memory of their ghostly visions vanished. The following tale is the only one which has been completed.

"I have a general answer," the author wrote, "to the question so frequently asked me, 'How did I, a young girl, come to think of and elaborate such a hideous idea?'"

What's this? Did you read right? A young girl wrote FRANKENSTEIN? That's absolutely right: It's incredible but true and one for Ripley that Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley was only 17 years old when she created this world-famous horror classic!

In other words, in a case of truth being stranger than even strangest fiction, the author of FRANKENSTEIN was not only a girl, but a teenager!!!

Remarkable Makeup Closeup of Karloff as the heavy lid is applied to his right eye. —FJA '90





A Forgotten Frankenstein. To advertise a new novel called "The Greatest Menace of Them All," the Monster strikes a new pose in a store front window in MGM's 1935 short, **THE DEPARTMENT STORE**. —FJA '90

mary was a teenage monster maker

And a banned teenager, at that! Not then and there, as far as is known, but it was reported as late as 1955 that the Union of South Africa had made **FRANKENSTEIN** a forbidden book. Anyone owning a copy could be fined and sentenced to jail for 5 years! Considering that in the U.S.A. you can pick up a second-hand copy of a pocketbook edition of it in most any magazine shop for ten cents, it is amazing how a switch in geography can multiply its value 28,000 times! \$2,800 is only about \$45 rent a month for a furnished cell, and presumably there are three free meals a day; so if you want to relax with an unusually interesting and famous book, get yourself a copy of **FRANKENSTEIN** and head for South Africa. Better check first, though, on whether the movies are banned too!

The first **FRANKENSTEIN** film was released in America in 1931. Our country was in a Depression and people were pinched for pennies, particularly there was not much "mad" money for motion picture entertainment. Still, **FRANKENSTEIN** played to S.R.O. (Standing Room Only) crowds and broke house records at the "bucks" office. Instead of on the celluloid itself, sound was recorded at that time on kingsize phonograph records that, curiously, played from the inside out. The sweetest

sound of all, however, was the clinking of dollars in the cashiers' tills throughout the land, almost drowning out the shrieking of terrified patrons—those whose vocal cords weren't paralyzed with fright.

Needless to say, **FRANKENSTEIN** skyrocketed an obscure ex-truck driver named William Henry Pratt to fame overnight, or over nightmare might be the more nearly accurate description. Bill Pratt was better known then, as now, by his film name: Boris Karloff.

They say that George Jessel turned down the role of **THE JAZZ SINGER** and Al Jolson took it, thus "Jolie" became the star of the historic "Talkie" picture that ended the era of silent movies. Just so Bela Lugosi is reported to have passed up the original opportunity to portray Frankenstein, although in one of the later sequels he did act the part of the monster.

The book **FRANKENSTEIN** can be borrowed from most any library, and is interesting to read to compare with the first movie version. There are considerable differences. Many sequels, many monsters and many millions of feet of film later, the true story of Frankenstein is yet to be told.

FRANKENSTEIN was launched on his tremorous career with ambulances standing by in the front of theaters in the event anyone inside fainted, and nurses in attendance in the lobbies to administer smelling salts to the faint-hearted.

In the first **FRANKENSTEIN** film, in the medieval castle of Victor Frankenstein, the scientist



OFF THEIR GUARD—Tea for two, at which Constance Moore and Boris Karloff toast the latter's brand new baby. Yep, B.K. became a pappy on his fifty-first birthday and he's that proud! You'll see him and his eighty-five pounds of make-up—but really—in "Son of Frankenstein."



Colin Clive as Victor Frankenstein, *The Man Who Made A Monster*, listens thru earphones to the crackling electricity forking thru the thundering heavens above—the lightning that via the kites will transfer life to the “body that has never lived.” In 1935 as I left the exciting afternoon preview of *THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* at Universal Studios, I brushed shoulders with Clive himself as I passed thru the exit to the Front Office. A few years later I would be sadly standing by his death bed in the mortuary where his lifeless body lay in state. His bloodless face and hands were pale, otherwise he looked very much as he did in a dressing gown similar to the one he wore in the early sequence in the sequel to *FRANKENSTEIN* where he sat up in bed, recuperating from the fall onto a vane of the burning windmill when the monster threw him from a loft. —FJA '90.

stood amidst the grotesque glass and metal mechanisms of his laboratory and addressed his former college professor with the following bit of chilling dialogue:

“Dr. Waldman: I learned a great deal from you at the University, about the violet ray, the ultra-violet ray, which you said was the highest color in the spectrum. You were wrong: Here in this machinery I have gone beyond that: I have discovered the great ray that first brought life into the world!”

“Oh—and your proof?” asks the skeptical Dr. Waldman.

Victor Frankenstein continues: “Tonight you shall have your proof. At first I experimented only with dead animals, and then a human heart which I kept beating for six weeks. But now . . . I am going to turn that ray . . . on that body . . . and endow it with life!”

“And you really believe you can bring life to the dead?” asks the still doubting doctor.

“That body has never lived!” declares Victor Frankenstein. “I created it, with my own hands, from bodies I took from the grave, the gallows—anywhere. Go and see for yourself.”

Would you dare to go take a look yourself if you were there, in the castle, instead of in the company of friends in a movie theater or the comfort of your own home before a TV screen? Because beneath the white sheets on the operating table, of course, was the corpse-that-came-alive.

You can't keep a good monster down, and it was not long before Boris Karloff was back in harness, this time demanding a mate. In *THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley herself was depicted at the beginning of the picture, revealing to her friends the terrible truth that the monster was not killed in the burning mill but still lives. The picture then faded into the conclusion of the original, the peasants seen lingering around the base of the smoking castle which is believed to be the cremation spot of Dr. Frankenstein's awful creation.

The father of the little girl drowned by the monster enters the smouldering wreckage for the grim satisfaction of seeing the charred skeleton of the dead creature, but comes face to face with Frankenstein—horribly burned, but alive! Frankenstein savagely drowns the peasant in a well in the basement, then clambers out of the ruins and stumbles away.

frankenstein writhes again

Victor Frankenstein, convalescing from his fight with the monster and fall from the top of his castle onto one of the vanes of the windmill, at last recovers. He is visited by a sinister Dr. Pretorious, the experimenter from whom the first learned the basic elements of the artificial creation of life. Pretorious wants Dr. Frankenstein to aid him in further investigations of his own into the mysteries of life.

Victor Frankenstein, still awed by his own success in instilling life in a dead form, accompanies Pretorious, who reveals to him a sight of super-science: his astounding work of test-tube life. Experiment of tiny living human beings created from culture! Fantastic figurines, imprisoned alive in small glass bottles! All heed to his promise to Elizabeth, his wife, is swept away as Dr. Frankenstein is again transformed into a zealot, fanatic to further a new project: the creating of a mate for the monster!

The bloodless-faced Frankenstein is more monstrous than ever now, the hair scorched on his misshapen skull through which strips of sewn silver show, one arm seared by the angry flames. Bloodhounds track down the pathetic creature, and he is bound to a pole, carted to the village and securely imprisoned in jail. Securely? So the townspeople mistakenly believe. With his inhuman strength, seven-foot-five Frankenstein breaks his bonds and escapes, killing several people in the process.

The monster makes for the mountains and stumbles upon a hermit's hut. The hermit is blind and plays a violin. Strains of music attract Frankenstein to the old man's hearth. Since the blind man cannot see the aspects of his visitor which invariably horrify humanity, he accepts the monster as a man who cannot speak. Frankenstein at last has a friend and is overcome by signs of kindness. He learns to understand and speak a few words, and there is every evidence that he might lead a halfway normal life if undiscovered and left alone.

Unfortunately, several months later Frankenstein is seen by hunters in the wood and shot at. Again he is forced to flight. He takes refuge in a cemetery. He feels he belongs with the dead, there is nothing but hatred and hopelessness for him among the living.



Millicent Patrick displays head mask she helped create for ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN. Milly also did fine detail painting on the Frankenstein face.

The same night Frankenstein hides in the graveyard, Dr. Pretorious and two assistants steal into the burial ground vault to secure a female skeleton on which to fashion the body of a mate for the missing monster. There Pretorious meets Victor Frankenstein's creation, who carries on a halting conversation with the doctor. The monster is delighted to learn that a companion is to be made for him.

But Victor Frankenstein begins to regret his association with Pretorious and now attempts to back out of the second experiment. To force him to cooperate, the monster kidnaps Dr. Frankenstein's wife.

The picture is at its peak.

In a reduplication of the original sensational laboratory sequence, the body of the synthetic woman is raised to the top of the tower at the height of a raging storm, while the great life-making ray machinery crackles electrically, creating a cannon-loud, awe-inspiring spectacle.

The gauze-wrapped form is lowered, alive!



This is the TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN. Isn't he a putty sight? A real clay slay boy.

frankenstein goes to ruin

It is a creature from death's domain, towering above the daring scientists who have brought it back to life. Hardly less grotesque than the Frankenstein Monster itself is this female creation destined to be Mrs. Frankenstein Monster. Seven feet tall she stands, a scarred neck showing where her head has been sewed to her body, statically charged hair standing up from her skull, streaks of platinum waving up from each temple.

But when the new-born bride looks upon the unhuman face of her intended husband, the sight of him is too much for her. Even she shrieks and shrinks from Frankenstein.

The monster decides self-destruction is the only answer for hapless creatures such as he and his female counterpart, and throws the switch that blows them both to kingdom come.

It is a little known and surprising fact that there actually *was* a Frankenstein Castle, constructed (fittingly enough) in the 13th century. Its ruins, about 1200 feet of them, stand today. It was built about 1250 A.D. by a young Frankenstein on the side of a long and narrow range of hills which are but a few hours' drive from Frankfurt-on-the-Main in Germany.

Castle Frankenstein when new must have been strong enough to withstand—almost—the attack of even a mythical monster. It was fortified by a whole system of moats, drawbridges, outer walls and bulwarks.

But wait—did we speak of a *mythical* monster? The tomb of a Knight George actually exists near the Castle, and legend has him killed by "a terrible man-eating monster in the neighborhood of the Katzenborn (Cat's Well), which frightened the whole valley of Niederbeerlach below. It was believed that the beast would only retire for good if the most beautiful woman to be found in the territory were sacrificed. This was Annmary, the forester's daughter. Knight George sought out and slew the monster in a furious struggle, but he too died, of a poisoned wound that he received in the hollow of his knee."

Five hundred years after its construction the Castle lay in a state of decay. It is about to be reconstructed, this time in a film called **FRANKENSTEIN'S CASTLE**. There are rumors that the



"No," says Dracula to Glenn Strange as the monster in **ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN**, "you stay here and mind the dungeon while I run down to the corner drugstore for a sleeping pill. Lately I've been having daymares."

actual castle conceals a treasure: certainly the Frankenstein legend itself is a literary treasure which never fails to produce silvery riches for the Hollywood film-makers who explore its theme further.

Boris Karloff was still portraying the Monster in **SON OF FRANKENSTEIN**. In this episode, Victor's son Wolf is horrified to learn from a crazed shepherd named Ygor that the monster has risen from the grave. In the ugly demented Ygor the monster has found a friend.

Eight jurors had sentenced Ygor to hanging for grave-robbing, but the execution had been bungled and Ygor set free with his twisted neck—and mind. Ygor now lives with but one passion—revenge—and in the monster Ygor has found his ideal instrument to help him carry out his vengeance.

Fearing that Wolf Frankenstein will kill his father's creation, and thus rob him of his good right arm, Ygor attempts to kill the scientist but is killed himself instead. Blindly striking out to avenge the death of Ygor, the monster kidnaps Wolf's little son and carries him to the tombs to kill him. Father rescues son in time, and the monster meets a spectacular "death" in a bubbling pit of molten lava.



First time in colour (British spelling), Hammer Films' **CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** introduces Christopher Lee (supine) and Peter Cushing (divine) as Monster & Master.

frankenstein forever!

As the Frankenstein monster continues to return time and again, his welcome never wore out but his original portrayer began to. There was a **GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN** with Lon Chaney, Jr. in the lead role, and in **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN** the monster was played by Bela Lugosi rather than Boris Karloff.

ABBOTT & COSTELLO were next to have the pleasure in **MEET FRANKENSTEIN**, this time in the person of Glenn Strange, an ex-wrestler. And there was a **HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** somewhere along the line.

In 1957, Frankenstein never had it so good. Prima Carnero played him in an hour long, nation-wide

colorcast on TV of still another version of the original story, reverting to the simple title of **FRANKENSTEIN**. And for the first time, last year, the young Mary Shelley's monster came back to life in WarnerColor and CinemaScope, two processes probably even her fantastic imagination never visualized, in **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**. Depending on where you saw the film, the monster (played by Christopher Lee) had one, two or *four* eyes! In America we saw the usual two. British audiences screamed at his single orb. And in Japan, Frankenstein frightened all who saw him with twice the normal quota of eyes.

In **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** the camera dwelt in gory detail and intimate close-up on the creation, organ by organ and blood-transfusion by blood-transfusion, of the monster who, once fashioned and brought to life, proved to be an ungainly monstrosity with a minimum of flesh on his bones and a way of walking that might have been inspired by watching Jerry Lewis.

Will Frankenstein replace rock 'n' roll, Elvis Presley, sports cars, progressive jazz and Debbie Reynolds in the affections of the youth of our nation? There are straws stirring in the wind that point to the signpost saying, This is the Year of the Monster.

I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN is fracturing box-office records.

BLOOD OF FRANKENSTEIN, **FRANKENSTEIN'S CASTLE**, **REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN** and **FRANKENSTEIN 1980** are all scheduled for future showings at your neighborhood movie house. Frankenstein projects are multiplying as fast as the Hydra-headed monster.

FRANKENSTEIN FROM SPACE is the latest title to be registered.

TALES OF FRANKENSTEIN will be televised for 39 terror filled weeks.

Step right up, folks, and get your Mary Shelley doll!

All those in favor of designating every Friday the 13th as Frankenstein Day, raise your right tentacles.

Halloween replaced by Horrorween? Frankenstein for President? ●



Concept by young Don Glut, World Authority on Frankenstein, 18 years ago of his lead character, The Monster, in his series of novels, "The New Adventures of Frankenstein." —FJA '90

MONSTERS ARE BADDER THAN EVER

the beast is none too good for monsterama fans. the shape of things to come is reported in this exclusive story—just flown in by carrier-bat

Alice just got back from Monsterland. She flew in on a beautiful, winged black nightmare. After taking a shower in lactic acid to clear away the cobwebs she was ready to meet the ladies and gentlemen of the press.

She received the reporters in her swank apartment at Spectral Arms. Only ghost writers were allowed, of course, and had to present their cards at the door in order to be passed in by the in-spectre.

Once in, they almost passed out.

brain in orbit

From the ceiling hung the first American *Spooknik*. Unlike the Soviet satellite, with its Lassie called Laika, no dog was in this sputnik but the world's most famous brain.

Donovan's brain!

Floating above the reporters, making mental notes on everything that was said.

And so, by special arrangement with Alice von Wonderland and Don O'Van (the brain), we take great pride in bringing you, our readers, this glowing report on What's New in Monsterdom, hot off the wires. We know the wires were red-hot because we touched one of them. Can anybody use a toasted set of fingerprints?

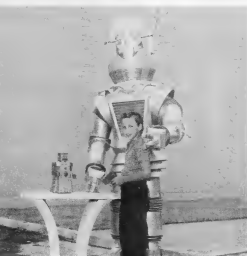


This singing man from **THE MUMMY'S CURSE** (with Lon Chaney, Jr.) seems to be saying: "Ouch, you're squeezing my tonsils too hard. If you don't cut that out, I'll pour some water on that dusty old 3700-year-old body of yours and turn you into an Instant Mud Pie!"

About 6 weeks after I wrote the above caption in '58, I was in a swimming pool with a number of strangers and one mother said to another, "You wouldn't believe the crazy magazine my kid brought home the other day. It had a picture of a mummy and the caption said—" And when she repeated it, everybody in the pool broke up and made waves laughing. I nearly drowned! —FJA '90



In the original second issue of FMOF there was a foto of a fiend from TARANTULA but that still has been lost in the meantime and here is a rarer one anyway.



One of the popeyed KILLERS FROM SPACE occupied this space in #2 but it too has long since gone with the wind. Replacement pic shows TOBOR (and Son of Tobor). The original Tobor had not been in front of an antique shop on Beverly Blvd. more than a few hours when it was stolen. This was many years ago. Does anyone know its current whereabouts?

the purple people-eater burps again

Have you noticed that Creatures are getting more colorful than ever? How about those starfish-shaped things from the stars with the big eye in their middle, THE MYSTERIANS? And that man with the head of a thousand-eyed fly in THE FLY? And—wowie!—that charm-boy in I MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE, with the face that looks like he just washed it in spaghetti and can't do a thing with it?

What next—*The Amazing Polka Dot Demon*? Well, there actually is a script being prepared called THE CRAZY QUILT TERROR, and (believe it or not) they're going to make the first picture in 45rpm (roars per monster) called THE HIDEOUS ROCK 'N' ROLL CREATURE!!! But that's getting ahead of our story, into the Department of Predictions that comes at the end of this article. (Now that you've been alerted, no fair peeking ahead a couple pages. Those pages have been coated with a special super-chemical that is ultra-sensitive to peeking, and if you read the pages before you are supposed to, all the words will run together in a gooey mess.)

riding the horror cycle

Canny motion picture producers know a good thing when they see it, and they see it in the "bucks" office returns of science-fiction and seance-fiction movies, so these studio bosses are riding horrorcycles built not merely for two but designed to take a couple million thrill-seeking patrons for a ride thru Monsterland.

As Ray Parker recently put it in his syndicated column, "A whole new generation has discovered movie terror and fallen in love with monsters, things, creatures, super beasts, its, vampires, bats, saucer men, fiends, mutants, sea serpents, humanoids, bat men, cat women and teenage werewolves. KING KONG has returned. DRACULA thirsts for blood. FRANKENSTEIN clanks again. Chances are that when Junior borrows the family car, he and his date will head for the drive-in theater that has the monster with three heads and a million eyes pursuing a teenage movie heroine through outer space."



Comely young model holds uncalming hand puppet that was THE BEAST WITH 1,000,000 EYES. Note magazine in lower righthand corner: the legendary *After Hours* in which "Scream-o-scope is Here" was published, setting the tone of the article soon to appear in FMOF.



They call me the **ATOMIC MONSTER** (Lon Chaney, Jr.) My face looks this way because I have atomic ache. (Also released as **MAN-MADE MONSTER**.)



Sharp dresser Glenn Strange as **THE MAD MONSTER**.

Three heads—? Say, that Parker critter's got a real far out imagination. Nutty. Like they're just now making a movie about a man with *two* heads, and he comes up with *three*! How cool and cloudy can you get? Like Outerspaceville. I once met a cannibal whose Mother taught him that "too many cooks spoil the broth," so he never used cooks in his broth; and a Mutant with four eyes who agreed that two heads were better than *none*; but three—! Pass me the aspirin bottle like a good little monster, it gives me a headache just to think about it. When the heads on the outside get into an argument and make with the yakity yak, do you suppose the one in the middle says, "Don't talk back!"?

run, do not creep

THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN, sequel to **THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, was well worth seeing. The laboratory in particular was a real gasser; in fact, it was better than gas: it was electric. The whole theater was electrified when those floating eyes in the tank followed the light of the Bunsen burner like a moth attracted to a flame. If you missed this picture so far, don't wait for it to turn up on television, go out and track it down. Before it tracks you down. And if you can find it double-billed with the **CURSE OF THE DEMON**, so much the better, because **CURSE OF THE DEMON** is one of the really great supernatural pictures of all time, worthy to rate with the creepy **CAT PEOPLE**, the spooky **DEAD OF NIGHT** and the ghostly **UNINVITED**. . . not to overlook the macabre **PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY**. That fire-breathing beast from the Devil's domain in **CURSE OF THE DEMON** is the hottest thing around lately. Dana Andrews's son Dave is a reader of this magazine and he told us that while his Dad was acting in that picture he didn't dare get too close to the monster's breath. We bit and asked him why, and he replied with a burst of maniacal laughter: "Because it's a *singe* he would have got toasted!" Gaargh, he got me! People who crack jokes like that should be invited over to a wienie roast, and they can be the wienie.

monsters growing by leaps and bounds

In 1956 there were 40 science-fiction and fantastic pix, many of them featuring monsters such as my client's **BEAST WITH A MILLION EYES**,



Hello, Hairy (Lon Chaney, Jr.). Did you just wolf down another meal?



Fotos recently (1990) discovered by legendary collectors-items scout Dan Levitt, with us since the first issue of FM, from the legendary lost (and deservedly so!) Roadshow Attraction of 1939, **HELIVISION**. It was, you should not pardon the expression, the pits. Still, interesting historically... and hysterically.



Marla English as the sea-weedy **SHE-CREATURE**, Bud Westmore's **MOLE PEOPLE** with their warty heads and knobby hands, the witch with the unbewitching face in the Spanish **EL BRUJA**, the goonish **GAMMA PEOPLE**, the monstrous **GODZILLA** from Japan, the Jekyll-and-Hydeish **HOMBRE Y LA BESTIA** (**MAN AND THE BEAST**) from Mexico, the 3-eyed mutant in **THE DAY THE WORLD ENDED**, the throwbacks with the run-down faces in **WORLD WITHOUT END** and the oozing horror that was **THE CREEPING UNKNOWN**.

Last year the total was up a dozen titles. The huge mechanical monstrosity of **KRONOS** played hob on the screen... the super sea-slug that was **THE MONSTER THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD** wormed its way thru hackle-raising reels... **THE BLACK SCORPION** gave its giant sting of death... the pale creatures clomped in **ZOMBIES OF MORA TAU**, **VOODOO ISLAND**, **THE MAN WHO TURNED TO STONE**... the mummies and werewolves and whatnots (beware the Whatnots!) were out in force in **VOODOO WOMAN**, **THE UNDEAD**, **PHARAOH'S CURSE**, **THE VAMPIRE**, **TEENAGE MONSTER**, **I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF**, **BACK FROM THE DEAD**, etc. People generally put "etc" when they can't think of anything else to add. You think we ran out of titles? Ha! How about **CAT GIRL**, the supernatural thriller about the strange attachment between the heroine and a leopard? **THE UNEARTHLY**, which was loaded with monster-men and co-starred John Carradine and Tor Johnson? **THE BODY IS A SHELL**—the spiritualistic story of the survival of the soul after death? **THE LIVING IDOL**—Aztec reincarnation, with this time a girl concerned with a tiger rather than a leopard?

Etc!

There was **THE LAND UNKNOWN**, loaded with flying pterodactyls with a wingspread as wide as an airplane, plus great prehistoric beasts of both land and lagoon.

There was **MANBEAST**, the shaggy menace of the Himalayas, the towering Abominable Snowman.

The crabby monsters (what else?) of **ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS**.

The city-wrecking **DEADLY MANTIS**.

The giant grasshoppers of **THE BEGINNING OF THE END**.

The one-eyed ogre called **THE CYCLOPS**.

The lava-like, radioactive mudpie-on-the-move that bubbled up beneath the earth's crust and threatened to engulf the whole world in **X, THE UNKNOWN**.

THE NIGHT THE WORLD EXPLODED the only thing that kept its heroine, Kathy Grant, from going all to pieces was the thought that she would soon be Mrs. Bing Crosby!



Looks like the **AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN** acci-dentally brushed his teeth too hard!



"Do you think you can outstare me? Even Fred couldn't, and he's as good Astaire'r as anybody!" (John Carradine)



They call me one of THE UNEARTHLY. Against my parents' advice I started shaving when I was 12, and look what it did to my face.

monsters great in '58

This is the Year of the Monsters. Monster lovers never had it so good. A magazine all your own, and a million movies (well, at least 75).

Leading all the rest, of course, is **HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER**, Herman Cohen's contribution to Monsters Unlimited, with the She-Creature, the Cat Girl, the Voodoo Woman, the 3-eyed Mutant, the Teenage Frankenstein and a dozen other American-International horrors all rolled up into one tremonstrous package! No fewer than 17 frightening faces. The picture guaranteed to make you come out of the theater satisfied with your own ugly mug.

RETURN OF DRACULA and **HORROR OF DRACULA** shriek for themselves. By the way, Canadian readers: the picture known in your country as **BLOOD OF THE DEMON** was known here as **BLOOD OF DRACULA**; while you vampire fans over in England saw the same picture under the title of **BLOOD IS MY HERITAGE**! While we're on the subject of title changes, it might be interesting to note that in England **THE INVASION OF THE SAUCER-MEN** was titled **INVASION OF THE HELL CREATURES**, while **ZOMBIES OF MORA TAU** became **THE DEAD THAT WALK**! But let's not get too deep into that or we'll never get un-mixed-up: in France the gi-ant picture **THEM** was retitled **THE MONSTERS ARE ATTACKING THE TOWN**, and in Germany **THIS ISLAND EARTH** became **METALUNA DOES NOT ANSWER**.

How'd you like the "combination between a scorpion and a spider" as one reviewer described the **FIEND WITHOUT A FACE**? (And did they mix up the title in your local paper and call it **FRIEND WITHOUT A FACE** or **FIEND FROM OUTER SPACE**? Another reviewer thought those flying brains resembled "winged hamburgers"; it must be admitted that when they were bashed by bullets, it looked like ketchup had been added. Deep-frozen spaghetti was more my idea of it.

But you didn't know **FIEND WITHOUT A FACE** was written before any teenager in the audience was born—but a teenager wrote it! She was Amelia Reynolds Long, a woman still living, who had her story published in 1930 under the title "The Thought-Monster." The editor, now dead, described it as "a goose-flesh story of the sudden and frightful deaths caused by a strange creature in a panic-stricken village." In the original story the scientist recorded in his notes: "I shall create a mental being by the concentrated power of pure thought!" As you probably noticed, the story was brought up to date with an atomic background.

the man who lost his head

How about that crazy **THING THAT COULD NOT DIE**, huh? A head looking for a body for 400 years, the head of Gideon Drew, a 16th century delinquent who had too much to do with the Devil. Old Francis Drake himself (call him Sir!) took it upon himself to separate bad-boy Drew from his body, and thereby hangs a—tale? Anyway, as tales go **THE THING THAT COULD NOT DIE** is a pretty tall one. All it needed was a revival of the old pop tune, "I Ain't Got No Body!"

Have you caught **WAR OF THE COLOSSAL BEAST** yet? **THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN** is in even worse shape in this follow-up film than he was in the first one.

Did **MACABRE** scare the daylight out of you? Did you burn the night lights for a week after seeing? Did you meet up with anybody who collected the \$10,000 Lloyds of London insurance policy by dying of fright during the picture?

I guess you noticed the big brother of Cecil the seasick sea serpent in **THE SAGA OF THE VIKING WOMEN AND THEIR VOYAGE TO THE WATERS OF THE GREAT SEA SERPENT**. And the mechanical brother of Frankenstein in **THE COLOSSUS OF NEW YORK**.



When you play "Tooth or Consequences" with Mr. Al O'Saurus, you gotta beware of the consequences: you might lose your head.



H M 2 on the videophone screen—what can it mean? Horror Monsters Two? Dramatic scene shows Joh Fredersen (Joh, not John, played by Alfred Abel), the Master of the World's Greatest City in 2027, in animated conversation with agitated underground worker Heinrich Georg reporting that the workers are revolting and **METROPOLIS** is in danger of being destroyed.



This Deadwood Dick Serial is one chapterplay I guess they won't have to colorize: THE CRIMSON GHOST!

the shape of things to come!



William Marshall, active member of the Count Dracula Society, sinks his teeth into role (also role model) in *SCREAM, BLACULA, SCREAM*.

A whole new crop of screamie pictures is due to scare you before year's end.

Personally, we're looking forward to *THE CREATURE FROM GALAXY 27**. This picture was written by Martin Varno, a young Hollywood writer and actor himself just out of his teens so that he remembers very well what youthful monsterians go for, and you should go for this movie when it gets to your neighborhood. The monster itself is a kind of wingless bird-man with an enormous beak and ferocious claws. Marty wrote the screenplay in record time, and expects to do many more, eventually acting in, directing and producing his own motion pictures. So remember the name of an ex-teenager making good, and watch for further movies by Martin Varno.

Another hot one to watch for is *TERROR FROM THE SUN*, a new variation on the Jekyll-Hyde theme wherein Robert Clarke (producer, director and star) becomes a solar saurian, or sun-demon. The climax takes place atop one of Los Angeles' 300 foot high gas storage tanks. A new monster artist, Richard Cassarino, has created a reptile-man makeup to rival the Gill Man!

ATTACK OF THE BLOOD-LEECHES is calculated to make you feel anemic for days afterward. This is one that Burt Shonberg designed. By the way, any of you readers who ever find yourself in Laguna Beach, Calif., drop in and see Burt at his coffee-&-coke house called Cafe Frankenstein. (This is for real.)* Just mention that you read about his cafe with the monster murals and flying saucer

paintings in this magazine and Burt will see to it that you get the king-size dish for your hot blood sundae. (Refills on iced blood are free—provided the blood comes from your own veins.)

DEBBIE AND THE DEMON has been tailored by the team of Larry Maddock & Corried Howard, with Jack Seaman, to appeal to teeners. There's a real cute rock 'n' roll type junior demon who raises a lot of heck in the picture, plus a genuinely terrifying, old-as-Methuselah demon.

* Regret Burt died of drug overdose.



Christopher Lee goes all to pieces behind the disintegr-8-ball in *HORROR OF DRACULA*, Hammer 1958. Makeup: Phil Leakey.

* Became *NIGHT OF THE BLOOD ISKAT*.



A young Chris Robinson built and became the **BEAST FROM HAUNTED CAVE** in his first screen role. —FJA '90



Hirsuties him, that is.

famous monsters in film!

If you watch closely in **EARTH vs THE GIANT SPIDER**, in one scene you'll see one of the actors reading a copy of the Collector's Edition of the first issue of this magazine! Bert I. Gordon, producer of the picture (he also produced **THE FANTASTIC PUPPET PEOPLE**, **THE CYCLOPS** and the **AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN** duo) was so interested in **FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND** MAGAZINE that he thought everyone who'll see his latest picture ought to know about it, so he put it in the film.

Only once in film history: two pictures playing at the same time that are such "naturals" to put together on the same double bill: **THE SPIDER** and **THE FLY**!

Kurt Neumann (who did **ROCKETSHIP XM**, **SHE-DEVIL** and **KRONOS**) has directed **THE FLY**, this shocker about the scientist who gets his own head replaced by that of a fly in human size, and it is not for the squeamish.

IT—**THE VAMPIRE FROM OUTER SPACE** and **THE CURSE OF THE FACELESS MAN** will be paired for the strong-hearted. Jerome Bixby, veteran of 60 science-fiction stories, wrote the screenplays of these thrillers. **VAMPIRE** is about a blood-drinking monstrosity from another world loose on a spaceship far from earth; **CURSE** is about a man of Pompeii, buried alive during the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, who returns to life after centuries in suspended animation.



Wow, a snarl like that on Henry Hull in **WEREWOLF OF LONDON** would be enough to snarl up traffic!



"Mind if I use the phone next?" asks Robert Clarke as the monster in **TERROR FROM THE SUN**. "I think I may have got a slight heat-stroke and want to call the coroner drugstore for some (g)aspirin. I have monstrous headache. (Whatever became of this picture? It was released as **THE HIDEOUS SUN DEMON**. —FJA '90)



"Hello, my name's Shock Hudson. I'm **THE MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE** that my wife married. Where I come from I'm considered terribly handsome. Would you believe I have more fans than Clark Ghoule?"



"I've got my eye on you," says Ralph Morgan as **THE MONSTER MAKER**, 1944.

A fantastic flow of Karloff films followed. **THE BLACK CAT**, **THE RAVEN**, **THE NIGHT KEY**, **THE ISLE OF THE DEAD**, **THE BODY SNATCHERS**, **THE TOWER OF LONDON**, **THE INVISIBLE RAY**, **THE WALKING DEAD**, **THE DEVIL COMMANDS**, **THE GHOUL**, **THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG**, **THE MAN WHO LIVED AGAIN**, and countless others.

On at least two occasions Karloff came back from the dead, once crawling out of the grave itself as a ghoul and another time revived after electrocution. As the ghoul his face was pretty far gone from disintegrating underground; as the walking dead man he had a white shock through his hair from the electrodes, and a lethal look in his eyes.

Karloff's very touch was death in **THE INVISIBLE RAY**. At the end of the film he began to smoke from internal combustion, and finally caught fire from within and was burned alive.

In **THE DEVIL COMMANDS** he sought communication with the dead, and succeeded in establishing a two-way radio beyond the veil of life.

Karloff very convincingly portrayed an insidious Oriental arch-criminal in **THE MASK OF FU MANCHU**.

Boris "did a Brynner" and butched his head down to the bone for his role as the chop-chop artist (ax-man) in **THE TOWER OF LONDON**.

Karloff's most recent role in a horror film was **VOODOO ISLAND**. Production of his **STRANGLEHOLD** has just been



George Zucco appears none too happy contemplating the future with an ape as a partner. The ape doesn't look too happy either. Maybe that's because he has the brain of a man executed for murder—the "Mangle Murderer." Paramount 1941.



SIEGFRIED (1923) bathes in the blood of the dragon Fafnir which he has just slain. The dragon's blood makes him invulnerable—all but for a fatal spot on his back which unbeknownst to him is covered by a falling leaf. Paul Richter, the actor who played Siegfried, was too modest to appear in the nude so in this scene he was substituted by Rudolf Klein-Rogge, the famous Rotwang of METROPOLIS.—FJA '90

grand guignol genius

A one-man horror show, Alex Gordon tells me that he almost single-handedly will fill up the screen with a full slate of horror, sci-fi and monster movies. For FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND readers Mr. Gordon confided to your editor that he plans to produce:

1. THE PROJECTED MAN, an original screenplay about a lethally electric human menace.
2. THE HOUND OF HELL, a horror yarn by Gordon's beautiful and talented wife, known professionally as Ruth Alexander.
3. THE INVISIBLE MONSTER.
4. THE WHISPERING GHOUL.
5. A new version of Robert Louis Stevenson's classic of terror, THE SUICIDE CLUB.
6. THE MASK OF THE RED DEATH, adapted by Ruth Alexander from Edgar Allan Poe's shuddersome short story.
7. THE TERROR THAT STALKED AT NIGHT.

Quite a schedule, and a real treat for the quiver-&-quake crowd!

karloff and frankenstein

And, of course, the greatest monster thrills imaginable are in store with Boris Karloff himself in:

- CORRIDORS OF BLOOD!
THE DOCTOR OF 7 DIALS!
And—KING OF THE MONSTERS!

While the latest Frankenstein film, FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER and FRANKENSTEIN—1970, are to be followed by another Technicolor spectacle from the producers of THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN and THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN: FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN!

The Face in the Tombstone Mirror will be the first in the new teleseries of Tales of Frankenstein, authored shortly before his tragic death by the late Henry Kuttner. Second in the series, Frankenstein Meets Dr. Varno, has been prepared by Jerome Bixby, co-author of THE HURRICANE MAN.

House of Wax is serving as the basis of a terror-rivision series for the video channels. Horror master Curt Siodmak is working out a package of terrifying tales for TV called Black Orchid Garden.

"e pluribus monsters"

So, as the Latins said, it's plainly a case of "Monsters for All!"

The shape of Things to Come is mysterious, mutant, macabre and monstrous.

Your editor ought to know.

How?

My Monster Done Tol' Me! •



Vincent Price all wrapped up in his work in Curt Siodmak's THE INVISIBLE MAN'S REVENGE, Universal 1944. Many Happy Returns of the Day, Vincent!



An invisible Japanese gives a lift to a fainting heroine in Toho's 1954 offering, THE INVISIBLE AVENGER. Special Effects by famous Eiji Tsuburaya.



PUBLIC VAMPIRE

NO. 1

**the story of bela lugosi
ambassador from
transylvania.**

Bela Blasko was born in Lugos, Hungary, on October 20, 1888 and grew up to be the principal stake-holder in the First International Blood Bank of Transylvania.

Mr. Blasko was better known to the world as Bela Lugosi.

And to the 4 corners of the earth the name Bela Lugosi means—DRACULA!



LUGOSI LIVES ETERNAL!

Trial makeup for role as the Sayer of the Law, the Leader of the Manimals on Dr. Moreau's (Charles Laughton's) ISLAND OF LOST SOULS (Paramount, 1932).

THE MONSTERS FROM THE MAILBOX

A Short Horror Story by
Woody Stake, Star of
Stage, Screen and
Cemetery

The monster fan turned from the newsstand, pale as a ghost, lower lip trembling like a jelly popside melting in the noonday sun. The awful words of doom still echoed in the creature-lover's unbelieving ears. "All sold out. Sorry, friends—the new issue of **MONSTERAMA** is all sold out!"

Wait! Put that silver bullet down! No need to let this disaster overwhelm YOU. YOU are obviously too smart to make that mistake.

Look: by special arrangement with an old reliable transportation firm (they started out with a Pony Express way back when Dracula was a baby bat and worked their way up to trains and planes), the publishers of **MONSTERAMA** have got Uncle Sam himself to agree to bring your own personal copy of **MONSTERAMA** to your cellar door every issue!

A mere \$10.50, 10 little old green pieces of paper (and a few lacy combs you'll never miss, will bring you bills for 3 (#2-4) sick issues! \$10.50 turns your mailbox into a magic laboratory from which half a hundred or more *Creatures, Things, Its and Beasts* burst forth every few months!

WARNING: This offer good only to subscribers whose letter-carriers have strong hearts!

mail to:
SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.
MONSTERAMA
7563 LAKE CITY WAY
SEATTLE, WA 98155

I enclosed \$10.50 for the next 3 GREAT issues of **MONSTERAMA**, the ONLY magazine awarded the Official Monster Ghoul Medal Ribbon by monsters who know.

I enclosed \$4.25 for each additional issue of #1.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE ZIP

the thirsty count

Lugosi stood 6'1", weighed 178 lbs. in his prime. It took a lot of blood to keep him in shape, especially considering he lost his shape every night. All that flapping around. Night owls are generally noted for their thirst; how much thirstier must a man get who turns into a bat after dark.

Yes, Count Dracula was always on the wing at night, so it was small wonder he was such a big drinker. Of blood, that is. He rarely touched anything stronger.

It takes energy, you know, to throw off a heavy coffin lid instead of light bedsheets.

His favorite meal, of course, was Hungarian Ghoulish.



"Ain't I the cat's whiskers?" asks Bela in **THE BLACK CAT**. "And the first one who says no will find out what I'm holding this knife for."



from transylvania to pennsylvania

Lugosi made his first movie appearance in a Hungarian film in 1914, went on to become a star of German silent pictures, and then toured the United States for 2 years, from Phoenix to Philadelphia, playing Dracula on the stage. When your

editor was in Europe in 1951, he found Bela Lugosi there, still going strong in the stage play in London. Lugosi once told me that he had played the role over a thousand times. It was his great dream during the closing years of his life to re-do the black-&-white DRACULA which had played to fainting-room-only crowds in 1931, this time in TerrorColor, Scary-o-phonie sound and 3-dimensional realism. Hollow laughter echoing from the blood-flecked lips of his pale green face, he wanted to soar right off the screen and over the audiences' heads.

nights of terror

A night at a theater with Bela Lugosi was always guaranteed to be a NIGHT OF TERROR, and that in fact was the title of one of his early films. In this picture he portrayed a turban-topped Hindu named Degar. A fiend who killed without warning and left newspaper clippings on the bodies of his victims had been alarmingly active around the neighborhood of a Professor Reinhart and his scientist-nephew. When the Professor meets an untimely death, it is revealed that 5 persons are to benefit from his will—among them his servant, Bela. The nephew conducts an experiment in which he is to be buried alive for several hours, and while in the coffin more people are mysteriously slain and the dead professor's ward kidnapped. Bela is properly menac-

ing throughout.

Friday the 13th, a traditional night of terror, served as a vehicle for Bela when he appeared opposite Boris Karloff in **BLACK FRIDAY**. This was one of many pictures in which Lugosi and Karloff were paired against each other. In this one Lugosi played a master criminal. When Karloff, as Dr. Ernest Sovac, transplants parts of a criminal's brain, in an emergency, into the head of a dying friend named Prof. Kingsley, Lugosi must then menace the professor in order to learn from the memory of the criminal part of his brain where a large sum of money belonging to Lugosi is hidden. This was the motion picture in which, when Bela was called upon by the script to be hypnotized, he was *really* hypnotized right on the set by the well-known Manly P. Hall. He was told that he was locked in a clothes-closet and in danger of suffocating if he didn't batter down the door, and he gave one of the most realistic performances of his life—almost too realistic!



"You're looking better than when I saw you last time," says Mr. Lugosi to an old friend. "In fact I think you've taken off a little weight around your cheeks and chin." From **THE DEVIL BAT**.



DRACULA is headed (or throated) for the drink that's so much more refreshing. He always insists on asking for it by name: B-L-O-O-D.

hypnotized in real life

The 5th and final Mrs. Lugosi, formerly Hope Linger, had for 20 years been fascinated by Bela before she met and married him. During all that time she wrote him fan letters. Oddly enough, the

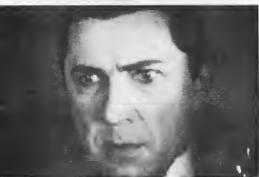
same Manly P. Hall who hypnotized Lugosi in **BLACK FRIDAY** performed the real life wedding ceremony between him and Hope!*

Lugosi turned down the original role of the monster in **FRANKENSTEIN** because it wasn't a speaking part, but several sequels later in **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN** played the monster. . . and gave another of his greatest characterizations in a Frankenstein film, **SON OF FRANKENSTEIN**, in which he played the moronic Ygor who cheated the hangman's noose at the expense of a broken neck.

* Hall died in late 1930.



In **RETURN OF THE APE MAN** the Ape Man tells Bela Lugosi "You can sing 'My Old Flame' if you want to but I don't care to get singed!"



Draculugosi hypnotizes another hapless victim.

champion of the undead

The word "zombie" was unknown on the screen before Bela spelled it out with his fabulous success in **WHITE ZOMBIE**. This picture really put Haiti on the map, and zombies and Bela with it. Here with his mesmeric black powers of voodoo he commanded the bodies of dead men whom he caused to rise from their graves and do his bidding.

He played **VOODOO MAN** and **HUMAN MONSTER**, **NIGHT MONSTER** and captain of the **PHANTOM SHIP**. He was in **THE CORPSE VANISHES** and **INTERNATIONAL HOUSE**, and once (in **NINOTCHKA**) he even played opposite Greta Garbo!

never far from karloff

Lugosi and Karloff saw a lot of each other—the movie producers and public demand saw to that. They met, each to out-menace the other, *THE RAVEN* and *THE BLACK CAT*...*THE BODY SNATCHERS*...*SON OF FRANKENSTEIN*...*BOWERY AT MIDNIGHT*...*THE INVISIBLE RAY*...and, if memory does not delude your old editor (recollections sometimes get fuzzy after 500

years and seeing thousands of monstrous movies), Bela & Boris were together on the stage in *ARSENIC AND OLD LACE*. (Anyway I'm sure they both played in it at one time or another. The first reader who writes in and informs me I am mistaken will be sent a shrunk head—*his own*.)

A dozen years after the success of *WHITE ZOMBIE*, he made *ZOMBIES ON BROADWAY*.

He was his Dracula-like self in *MARK OF THE VAMPIRE*.

He was with the son of Lon Chaney, as well as Claude (Invisible Man) Rains, in *THE WOLF MAN*; but many years before, in 1932 to be exact, he was a wolf-man in the movie made from H.G. Wells' book, "The Island of Dr. Moreau." Philip Wylie turned "Dr. Moreau" into a screenplay called *THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS*, and Charles Laughton gave Bela Lugosi a bad time in it till Bela got his band of beastmen together and paid Laughton back. In this weird-science thriller Lugosi was the product of speeded-up evolution, a half-man half-wolf as might happen after thousands of years of Nature's experimentation aided by science.



"Pay the news dealer your \$3.50 and stop browsing thru this magazine!" demands Bela Lugosi in *MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE*. "or I'll sic my pal here, Noble Johnson, on you and there'll be one more murder but it won't be in the Rue Morgue!"



Carroll Borland as Luna lights the way for Bela Lugosi as Count Nora in MGM's *MARK OF THE VAMPIRE*, 1935, Tod Browning's remake of Lon Chaney's *LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT*. Watch for Forrest J. Ackerman: *Famous Monsters of Filmland Book 2*, coming early in '91 from Magicimage, with cover duplicating this still: Brinke Stevens as Carroll Borland and FJA as Lugosi, makeup by Paul (THE BEAST WITHIN) Clemens.



When **THE PHANTOM CREEPS**, no one escapes Bela Universal 12-part serial of 1939 with Edward Van Sloan (**DRACULA/FRANKENSTEIN** professor) and giant robot, "devisualizer belt" and meteoric chemical causing suspended animation.

many harpy returns

Bela was always coming back. First he played the mad scientist Roxor, who aimed at conquering the world with his death-ray—this was in **CHANDU THE MAGICIAN**—then he was in **THE RETURN OF CHANDU**. He was in **THE RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE**, too, and **THE RETURN OF THE APE MAN**!

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE was one of his great ones. "I am Dr. Mirakle," he began in his deep, thickly accented voice, "and I am not a side-show charlatan, so if you are looking for the usual hocus-pocus, just go to the box office and get your money back." But fans of Bela never went to the box-office to get their money back.

He made **OLD MOTHER RILEY MEETS THE VAMPIRE** in England, but so far it has not been released in this country.*

* Released in 1952 as **MY SON, THE VAMPIRE**.

BRIDE OF THE MONSTER, with Tor Johnson, was almost his last film. Just before that he was seen in a mute role in **THE BLACK SLEEP** with Basil Rathbone, Lon Chaney Jr., John Carradine and Tor Johnson.

As a scientist and victim of an unorthodox experiment, he plays a dual role in the little seen **GLEN OR GLENDA?**.

A year ago I saw a preview of **GRAVE ROBBERS FROM OUTER SPACE**, in which he has a guest appearance. It has so far not been nationally released.**

And enough unseen film on him remains that a Bela Lugosi fan and movie producer plans to use it in a picture called the **UNDEAD MASSES** or **GHOULS OF THE MOON**.

Bela Lugosi died on August 18, 1956. Your editor attended his funeral and was among the hundred people to pass by his coffin. He looked convincingly dead—but hadn't he always? He is buried in Holy Cross Cemetery in Los Angeles—but is it permanent? Anyway, he has a young son.

Will Bela Lugosi, Jr. ever seek the mantle, batwings, spider webs, hypnotic eyes and fan following of his famous Father? There's Lon Chaney, Jr. and John Barrymore's son is doing well on stage, screen and television.

Dracula, Jr.? You can never tell. ●

** Became the infamous **PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE**.

PRINCE SIRKI TAKES JOEL McCREA



"You have beaten me!" gasps the late Leslie Banks (Count Zaroff as Joel McCrea as Rainsford plunges an arrow into his back in *THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME*, made at the same time (1933) and on some of the same sets as *KING KONG*. Fay Wray, heroine of both classics, looks at her rescuer, who died October 21 at the age of 84. Ironically, all the male principals of both films—Robert Armstrong, Frank Reicher, Sam Hardy, Bruce Cabot, Leslie Banks, Noble Johnson, Meriam C. Cooper/Ernest B. Schoedsack (co-producers & directors), Mercel Delgado (model maker) and Willis O'Brien (animator)—are now in Death's Domain but Prince Sirki (Fredrick March of *DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY* fame) has chosen to let Fay Wray live. Thank you, Prince!

Dear Monster

"DEAR MONSTER..."

Letters are the life-blood of this magazine.

Thank you for your correspondence.

Medives and missives, lin mai and pan mai, were received by ambulance and hearse on the first issue. By carrier bat and werewolf express, they came, by special delivery, spoonful, flying saucer and jet-propelled ouija board (ghost written, of course).

We would give you a cross-section of the letters except that, happily, most of the letters were not cross. For instance:

WOLF MAN

I am sitting in a cold dark dungeon and writing this to you by the light of the full moon. I must write this quickly as my ears have already begun to grow pointed and furry and soon...

I must tell you that my joy knows no bound! How we monsters have awaited the "Day" when a magazine such as this would arrive! I layed at the moon for two hours after I read it!

I particularly enjoyed "Out of This World Monsters." Love them photos! There are enough science fiction mags on the stands now. Let's have more about Karloff, Lugosi, Chaney Sr. and Jr. I am 300 years old, and a male monster.

I am most continue with this project—make MONSTERS OF FILMLAND a monthly. I would surely subscribe. I...agh!...I...would like...to write...more...the moon...my hands...my face...OWOOOOH!

Pete Lutjens
Kingston, N.Y.

You write very maturely for a monster of a mere 300. But the way, if you would like to subscribe the next 200 years, we have a special reduced rate for juveniles under 500 —Ed.

HAIRLESS FAN

I am going out of my mind waiting for the next issue of your super-Santastical great magazine! Ever since the first issue appeared on our newstands (they sold out in two hours) I have been tearing my hair out waiting for issue #2, and I now have like a monster myself. Let's have more, more, MORE!

Bob Scherl
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Don't worry, Bob. The pictures in this issue are hair-raising enough to grow back anything you've lost. And if you really want more monsters—just subscribe (see info on page 54), and the mailman will personally bring you a mess of FAMOUS MONSTERS regularly.—Ed.

MYSTERY SOLVED

The identification of the unknown Lon Chaney picture on page 14 of your first issue is "A Blind Bargain," which also seems to have been called "The Octave of Claudius," released in 1932. Incidentally, congratulations on a terrific job...a real Valentine from start to finish.

Robert Bock
Weyauwega, Wisconsin

Thank you, Mr. Bloch. It is an honor indeed to receive praise from such a distinguished monster-lover. (Ed. note: Internationally famous Robert Bloch is the author of scores of word, mystery and movie stories and himself one of the leading experts on the history of fantastic films.) We received many later letters correctly identifying the mystery picture of Lon Chaney, but for being the first Mr. Bloch is awarded his choice of a weekend in Frankenstein's laboratory with a don't-youself let and all hospital expenses paid, OR a luxurious yacht cruise on the Black Lagoon, OR the chance to escort Oracula's daughter to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Bats Annual Dance. —Ed.

SCREAMS FROM MAD

On behalf of the members of the MAD staff, a soul-searing shriek of appreciation for the grand job you did on FAMOUS MONSTERS. We love it, especially the photo captions...in fact the whole magazine reflects an enlightened, wholesome and thought-provoking attitude on the subject of Monsters. We're all looking forward to another issue from your Black Fil. Best wishes to you and your swarming, foaming staff of nameless beings seen in the greenish half-light of publishing from the clouds at MAD.

Nick Meghila
John Putnam
Jerry De Fuccio
MAD, New York, N.Y.



Here's a photo of some of the MAD gang, creating a monster to sell their MAD T-shirts. FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND does not believe in selling unimportant things like T-shirts. No sir! We sell only essential items...like MONSTER MASKS to scare the y'all out of friends, relatives and teachers.—Ed.

THEY HATE US

This magazine is being discussed hereabouts as "Ackerman's Folly."

Dick Lupoff
New York, N.Y.

(Publisher's note) I Editor Ackerman personally received over 700 letters from monster-lovers all over the world, praising him for his great piece of work on our first issue. He received only ONE letter (above) of the sour-grapes variety, from a reader who is obviously familiar with Ackerman's reputation as America's

Number One Science-Fiction Fan, and who obviously disapproves of FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND. Oh, well, as Frankenstein said to the skeleton, "to each his bone."

HOLLYWOOD MONSTERS

I'm going out of my mind trying to picture what your editor looks like. Is he human? Doesn't he have nightmares after writing all about the monsters?

Bill Chernioff
Claymont, Delaware



The Monster in the middle is our editor, wearing a FORREST J. ACKERMAN mask. He really has two heads, but the other one was out being shrunken at the time. To his left is BERT GORFON, producer of CYCLOPS, EARTH vs. THE GIANT SPIDER and WAR OF THE COLOSSAL BEAST. The BEAST himself is standing to editor Ackerman's right. Seated to the left is JAMES NICHOLSON, high school chum of the editor, who is now President of American-International Pictures and releases such frights as CREATURE FROM GALAXY 27, TERROR FROM 5000 A.D., I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF, etc.: while to the right is SAMUEL ARKOFF, Vice-President of the company, whose two children count monsters instead of sheep when going to sleep.—Ed.

BATS FROM ALASKA

Earlier today I stopped off at the butcher shop to buy a round of raw meat for my bats. I also noticed a display of your magazine (O, rather I should say, what HAD BEEN a display—as there was only one left. I immediately purchased it and rushed home to give the Monsters my full attention. I became so absorbed in this fascinating bit of literature that I neglected to feed my bats. As a result, I am now minus two quarts of blood, and the bats are hurping away like crazy.

Mark Steen
Corvallis, Alaska

MONSTER MAKER

Enclosed is a picture of the inside my homemade CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON costume. Do you think I look good enough to star in horror movies?

Robert W. German
St. Louis, Mo.



Reader Germsen is shown above in his cardboard creation. We think he'd be perfect in a detective series called **THE ADVENTURES OF BLACKY LAGOON, BLOODSHOT PRIVATE-EYE.**

MONSTER MISCELLANEOUS

The thing I really liked about your first issue (and I hope every man, woman, child and what-have-you buys it) is the atmosphere, certainly not deadly serious, but then again displaying a respect for the horror pictures as an artform.

Graduate Student

North Texas State College

I must admit that I cannot put this magazine down. Inasmuch as I purchased it two months ago, you can see how this is becoming a bit inconvenient, like I mean when taking a shower, etc.

Wayne Letham
Manitoba, Canada

Well, the monsters have to bathe too, y' know —Ed

Everyone in Linden, New Jersey has a copy of **FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND!**

14-year-old Monster-lover,
Linden, New Jersey

Glad to hear it! Maybe we can get the Monsters & Beasts Association to hold their convention there next year. —Ed

Your magazine is without a doubt the greatest thing that ever happened to newstands and monster-lovers. I am through with Rock 'n' Roll, and from now on it is Shock 'n' Ghoul for all us female monsters

Sue Brodner
Long Island, N.Y.

Fools! Do you realize what you've done? People all over the country are rushing into drug stores, candy stores, newstands, crypts, etc to buy one, two, a dozen copies of **FAMOUS MONSTERS!** If this keeps up we will have to admit a representative from Transylvania to the United Nations. Then the Russians will claim they invented Dracula. Think of the grave conditions that will exist on the international scene! Just what do you intend to do about all this?

Ronald W. Johnson
Phila., Penna.

We'll try selling **FAMOUS MONSTERS** to U.N. delegates. This will scare the pants off 'em, and who ever heard of anyone declaring war in their EVD's? —Ed

MONSTROUS MISSIVES

Well, Reader, what's the verdict? Are you glad Ack is Back or do you think I should have quit while I was ahead? Are you Ack-static Uncle Forry is tall in the saddle again or do you think I'm rheumatic and should say "Uncle!"? In the heyday of FM, I used to get 500 letters a month... sometimes more flattering than flattering: "Communist inspired," "Kremlin gremlin," "jackey of Wall Street," "child mind-molester." But I never failed to accept a challenge, never refused to publish an "I DARE You!" letter, never disregarded an "I know you won't publish this!" hate bait. In truth, I'm as apolitical a person as you could find, certainly never got rich off editing FM or its successor FJA's *Monsterland* and, to mix metaphors, took a bath to the tune of \$12,000 on the publication of "Lon of 1000 Faces!"—now out of print and commanding as high as \$250 for one of the limited hardcover editions.

If Boris Karloff at 80 with half a lung, an iron brace on his leg, in a wheelchair and requiring a tank of oxygen by his side while working, if he could still perform, I hope I can hang together for the next half dozen years and continue to entertain, educate and inspire you. And if you want to do me (and yourself) a favor, don't drink, smoke or dope—just get high on sci-fi and image-movies.

I've always read every fan letter and I always shall, so let me hear from YOU. And—when Al Jolson sang he wanted the house lights turned up so he "could see the faces": I too like to know what my audience looks like and will publish as many photos as I can so please include a picture of yourself if possible.

Express yourself to Mad Donna, c/o Monster Letters

2495 Glendower Ave.,
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—FJA

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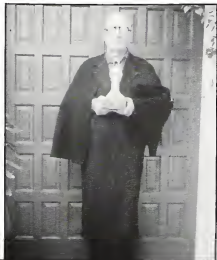
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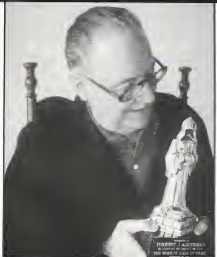
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SHOW

"I'M BATTY
ABOUT
MONSTERAMA"
—DRACULA

"I'M BESIDE
MYSELF
WITH JOY"

—DR. JEKYLL

"I'VE WAITED
3700 YEARS
FOR THIS"

—IM-HO-TEP

"YOU'RE ON
THE RIGHT
(PSYCHO)
PATH."

—ROBERT BLOCH

"MONSTERAMA
HAS RE-
ANIMATED ME!"

—H.P. LOVECRAFT

"QUOTH MY
RAVEN: MORE!
MORE!
MORE!"

—EDGAR ALLAN POE

"IT'S BEAUTY
KILLS ME"

—KING KONG

"IT'S BROUGHT
ME TO MY
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